BY ROBERT BARR. Author of "The Face and Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

(Copyright, 1895, by Robert Barr.) CHAPTER I.

The managing editor of the New York Argus sat at his desk with a deep frown on his face, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows at the young man who had just thrown a huge for overcoat on the back of one chair, while he sat down him self on another.

"I got your telegram," began the editor. "Am I to understand from it that you have

"Yes, sir," answered the young man without the slightest hesitation.

"Completely?"
"Utterly."

"Didn't you even get a synopsis of the &ocuments?"

"Not a hanged synop."

The editor's frown grew deeper. The ends of his fingers drummed nervously on

the desk. "You take fallure rather jauntily, it strikes me," he said at last.

"What's the use of taking it any other way? I have the consciousness of knowing

that I did my best."
"Um, yes. It's great consolation, no doubt, but it doesn't count in the news-paper business. What did you do?"

"I received your telegram at Montreal and at once left for Burnt Pine-most out-landish spot on earth. I found that Kenyon and Wentworth were staying at the only hotel in the place. Tried to worm out of them what their reports were to be. They were very polite, but I didn't succeed. Then I tried to bribe them, and they dered me out of the room."
"Pethaps you didn't offer them enough.

"I offered double what the London syndirate was to pay them for making the report, taking their own word for the amount I couldn't offer more, because at that point they closed the discussion by ordering me out of the room. I tried to get the reports that night, on the quiet, out of Wentworth's valise, but was nafortunately interrupted. The young men were suspicious, and next morning they left for Ottawa to post the reports, as I gathered afterward, to Eng-land. I succeeded in getting hold of the reports, but I couldn't hang on. There are too many police in Ottawa to suit me."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the editor, "that you actually had the reports in your hands, and that they were taken

"Certainly I had; and as to their being taken from me. it was either that or jail.
They don't mince matters in Canada, as
they do in the United States, you know." 'But I should think a man of your shrewdness would have been able to get at least

a symposis of the reports before letting them out of your possession."

"My dear sir," said the reporter, rather angry, "the whole thing covered I forget how many pages of fools-cap I forget how many pages of footscap paper, and was the most mixed up natter. I ever saw in my life. I traed—I sat in my room at the hotel and did my best to master the details. It was full of technicalities, and I couldn't make it out. It required a minag expert to get the hang of their phrases and figures, so I thought the best thing to do was to telegraph it. the best thing to do was to telegraph it all straight through to New York. I knew it would cost a lot of money, but I knew, also, you didn't mind that; and I knew, also will be sufficiently as possible."

"Hem." said the cultor. "You took no bottom whatever"

nem, said the color. You took he botes whatever?"
"No, I did not. I had no time. I knew the moment they missed the documents they would have the detectives on my track. As it was, I was arrested when I entered the telegraph office."

"Well, it seems to me," said the manag-ing editor, "if I had once had the papers in my hand, I should not have let them go il I had got the gist of what was it

'Oh, it's all very well for you to say on, it's all very well for you to say
so," replied the reporter, with the free
and ear manner which exists between
American newspaper men and their employers, "but I can tell you, with a Canadian fall facing a man, it is hard to decide
what is best to do. I couldn't get out of
the town for three hours, and before the
end of that time they would have had end of that time they would have had my description in the hands of every policeman in the place. They knew well enough who it was who took the papers, so my only hope lay in getting the thing telegraphed through, and if that had been accomplished everything would have been all right. I would have gone to fail with pleasure if I had got the particulars through

to New York." 'Well, what are we to do now?" asked

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked the editor.

"I'm sure I don't know. The two men will be in New York very thortly. They sail, I understand, on the Coloric, which leaves in a week. If you think you have a reporter who can get the particulars out of these men, I should be very pleased to see you set him on. I tell you, it isn't so easytodiscover what an Englishman doesn't want you to know."

"Well." said the editor, "perhaps that's true. I will think about it. Of course, you did your best, and I appreciate your efforts; but I am sorry you fuffed."

"You are not half so sorry as I am." said Rivers, as he picked up his big Canadian fur coat and took his leave.

The editor did think about it. He thought

The editor did think about it. He thought for full two minutes. Then he dashed off a

for this two minutes. Then he dished off a note on a sheet of paper, pulled down the little knob that rang the district messenger alarm, and when the uniformed boy appeared gave him the note, saying:

"Deliver this as quickly as you can."

The boy disappeared, and the result of his The boy disappeared, and the result of his trip was soon apparent in the arrival of a very natty young woman in the editorial rooms. She was dressed in a neatly fitting tailor-made costame, and was a very pretty girl, who looked about 19, but was, in reality, considerably older. She had large, appealing, blue eyes, with a tender, tful expression in them, which made the ordinary man say, "what a sweet, innocent look that girl has." Yet what the young woman didn't know about New York was not worth knowing. She boasted that she could get state secrets from dignified members of the Cabinet, and an ordinary Senator or Congressiman she looked upon as her law-ful prey. What had been told to her in the strictest confidence had often become the sensation of the next day in the paper she represented. She wrote over a nom de guerre, and had tried her hand at nearly everything. She had answered advertisements, exposed rogues and swindlers and had gone to a hotel as chambermaid in order to write her experiences. She had been arrested and locked up, so that she might write a three-column account for the Sun-lay edition of the Argus, of "How Women Ary edition of the Argus, of "How women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editor looked upon her as one of the most valuable members of his staff, and she was paid accordingly. She came into the room with the self-possessed air of the owner of the building, took a seat, after nodding to the editor, and sald, "Weil?"

"Look here, Jennie," began that austere individual, "do you wish to make a trip to Europe?"

'That depends," said Miss Jennie; "this

"That depends," said Miss Jennie; "this is not just the time of year that people go to Europe for pleasure, you know."

"Well, this is not exactly a pleasure trip. The truth of the matter is, Rivers has been en a job, and has bungied it fearfully, besides nearly getting himself arrested."

The young woman's eyes twinkled. She liked anything with a spice of danger in it, and did not object to hear that she was expected to succeed where a mere masculine reporter had failed.

The editor continued:

The editor continued:

"Two young men are going across to England on the Coloric. It sails in a week. I want you to take a ticket for Liverpool by that boat, and obtain from either of those two men the particulars—the full particulars—of reports they have made on some mining properties in Canada. Then you must land at Queenstown and cable a complete ao count to the Argus."

"Mining isn't much in my line." said Miss. Jennie, with a frown on har preity brow,

"Whatsort of mines were they dealing with-gold, sliver, copper, or what?"
"They are certain mines on the Ottawa aliver."

"Thay's rather indefinite."

"I know it is. I can't give you much information about the matter. I don't know myself, to tell the truth, but I know it is vitally important that we should get a synopsis of what the reports of these young men are to be. A company, called the London Syndicate, has been formed in England. This syndicate is to acquire a large number of mines in Canada, if the accounts given by the present owners are anything like correct. Two men, Kenyon and Wentworth, the first a mining engineer and the second an expert accountant, have been sent from Londonto Canada, one to examine themines, the other to examine the books of the various corporations. Whether the mines are bought or not will depend a good deal on the reports that these two men have in their possession. The reports, when published, will make a big difference, one way or the other, on the stock exchange. I want to have the gist of these reports before the London Syndicate sees them. It will be a big thing for the Argus if it is the first in London Syndreate sees them. It will be a big thing for the Argus if it is the first in the field, and I am willing to spend a pile of hard cash to succeed. So don't econo-mize on your cable expenses." "Very well. Have you a book on Cana-

"I don't know that we have, but there is

a book here, the 'Mining Resources of Can-ada;' will that be of any use?' "I shall need something of that sort. I want to be a little familiar with the subject,

you know."

"Quite so," said the editor. "I will see what can be got in that line. You can read it before you start and on the way over."

"All right," said Miss Jennie, "and am I to take my pick of the two young men?"

"Certainly," answered the editor. "You will see them both and can easily make up your mind which will the sooner fall a victim."

The Colorie sails this week, does it?" "Then I shall need at least \$500 to get new

"Good gracious," said the editor.
"There's no good gracious' about it. I'm going to travel as a millionaire's daughter, and it isn't likely that one or two dresses will do me all the way over.

"But you can't get new dresses made in a reck," said the editor. "Can't12 Wed, you just get me the \$500 and I'll see about the making." Theeditor joited the amount down. "You don't think \$400 would do?" he said.

of the tables. The smaller side tables were still uncovered, because the number of passengers at that season of the year was comparatively small. As the places were assigned, one of the helpers to the purser wrote the names of passengers on small cards, and the other put the cards on the

One young woman, in a beautifully fitted traveling gown, evidently of the newest cut and design, stood a little apart from the general group which surrounded the pursor and his assistants. She engerly scanned every face, and listened attentively to the names given. Sometimes a shade of disappointment crossed her brow, as if she excepted some negiticular person to massess. pected some particular person to possess some particular name which that particular person did not have. At last her eyes

"My name is Wentworth," said the young man whose turn it was.

"An! any favorite place, Mr. Wentworth?"
saked the purser, blandly, as if hehad known
Wentworth all his life.

"No, we don't care where we sit; but my
friend, Mr. Kenyon, and myself would like
places together."

places together."

"Very good; you had better come to my table," replied the purser. "Numbers 23 and 24—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Wentworth."

Thesteward took the cards that weregiven him, and placed them to correspond with the numbers the purser had named. Then the young woman moved gracefully along, as if she were interested in the names on the table. She looked at Wentworth's name for a moment and saw in the place next to his the name of Mr. Brown. She gave a quick, apprehensive glance around the kaloon, and saw the two young men who had arranged for their seats at table now walking leisurely toward the companionway. She places together.' eisurely toward the companionway. She look the card with the name of Mr. Brown

took the card with the name of Mr. Brown upon it and slipped upon the table another on which was written "Miss Jennie Brewsster." Mr. Brown's card she placed on the spotfrom whichshehadtaken herown.
"I hope Mr. Brown is not particular which place he occapies," said Miss Jennie to herself; "but at any rate I shall see that I amearty for dinner, and I'm sure Mr. Brown, whoever he is, will not be so angallant as to insist on having this place if he knows his card was here."

Subsequent events proved Miss Jennie's

card was here.

Subsequent events proved Miss Jennie's surmise regarding Mr. Brown's indufference perfectly well founded. That young man searched for his card, found it and sat down on the chair opposite Miss Jennie, who already occupied her chair, and was, in fact, the first one at table. Seeing there would be no unseemly dispute about places, she began to plan in her own mind how she would first attract the attention of Mr. Wentworth. While thinking how best to approach her victim, Miss Jennie heard his voice. his voice.

"Here you are, Kenyon; here are our places."
"Which is mine?" said the voice of Ken-



Wentworth With, "I Beg Your Pardon," Slipped in and Sat Down on the Chair Beside Her.

"No, I don't. And say, am I to get a trip to Paris after this is over, or must I comedi-"Oh, I guess we can throw in the trip to

Paris," said the editor.

"What did you say the names of the young men are? Or are they young? Probably they are old fog les, if they are in the mining business."

"No, they are young, they are shrewd, and they are Parish. they are English. So you see your work is cut out for you. Their names are George Wentworth and John Kenyon."

Wentworth and John Kenyon."

"Ob. Wentworth is my man," said the young woman, breezily. "John Kenyon! I know just what sort of a person be is—sombre and tacturn. Sounds too much like John Bunyan or John Milton, or names of "Well, I wegldn't be too sure about ft until

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure about it until youses them. Betternot make up your mind about the matter."

"When shall I call for the \$500?"

"Oh, that you needn't trouble about. The better way is to get your dresses made, and tell the people to send the bills to our office."

"Very well," said the young woman. "I shall be ready. Don't be frightened at the bills when they come in. If they come up to \$1,000 remember I told you I would let you off for \$500."

The editor looked at her for a moment, and

The editor looked at her for a moment, and seemed to reflect that perhaps it was better not to give a young lady unlimited credit in New York. So he said: "Wait a bit. I'll write out the order, and you can take it down stairs."

Miss Jennie took the paper when it was effered to her, and disappeared. When

offered to her, and disappeared. When she presented the order in the business office the cashier raised his eyebrows as he noticed the amount, and with a low whistle, said to himself: "Five hundred dollars! I wonder what game Jennie Brewster's in to now."

ster's up to now."

CHAPPER II. The last bell had rung. Those who were going ashore had taken their departure Crowds of human beings clustered on the pier head and at the large doorways of the warehouse which stood open on the steamer wharf. As the big ship slowly backed out wharf. As the big ship slowly backed out there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the mass on the pier, and an answering flutter from those who crowded along the bulwarks of the steamer. The tug slowly pulled the prow of the vessel around, and at last the engines of the steamship began their pulsating throbs—throbs that would vibrate night and day until the steamer reached an older world. The crowd on the pier became more and more indistinct to those on hoard, and many of the passengers went below, for the air was bitterly cold, and the boat was forcing its way down the bay among huge blocks of ice.

Two, at least, of the passengers had taken little interest in the departure. They were leaving no friends behind them, and were both setting their faces toward friends at home.

both setting their faces toward friends at home.

"Let us go down," said Wentworth to Kenyon, "and see that we get seats together at table before all are taken."

"Very good," replied his companion, and they descended to the roomy saloon, where two long tables were already laid with an ostentations display of silver, glassware and cutlery, which made many, who looked on this wilderness of white linen with something like dismay, hope that the voyage would be smooth, which, as it was a winter passage, there was every chance it would passage, there was every chance it would not be. The purser and two of his assistants at at one of the shorier tables with a plan before them, marking off the names of passengers who wished to be together, or who wanted some particular place at any yon.
"It doesn't matter," answered Went-worth, and then a tbrill or fear went through the gentle heart of Miss Jennie Brewster. She had not thought of the young man not caring which sent he occupied, and she dreaded the possibility of finding berself next to Kenyon rather than Wentworth. Her first estimate of the characters of the two men seemed to be correct. She always thought of Kenyon as Bunyan, and she felt certain that Went-wort' would be the easier man of the two to i. bence. The next moment her fears were all yed, for Kenyon, giving a rapid

were all, yed, for Kenyon, giving a rapid glance at the handsome young woman, de-liberately chose the seat furthest from her, and Wentworth, with "I beg your pardon," slipped in and sat down on the chair beside her.

"Now," thought Jennie, with a sigh of relief, "our positions are fixed for the meals of the voyage." She had made her plans for beginning an acquaintance with the young man, but they were rendered un-necessary by the gallant Mr. Wentworth ecessary by the gallant Mr. Wentworth

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Jennie, in a low voice, which was so musical that Wentworth glanced at her a second time and saw how sweet and pretty and innocent she was.
"I'm in luck," said the unfortunate

"I'm in luck," said the unfortunate young man to himself.

Then he remarked aloud: "We have not many ladies with us this voyage."
"No," replied Miss Brewster. "I suppose nobody really crosses at this time of the year unless compelled to."
"I can answer for two passengers that such is the case." such is the case.

"Do you mean yourself as one?"
"Yes, myself and my friend."
"How pleasant it must be," said Misss
Brewster, "to travel with a friend. Then
one is not lonely. I, unfortunately, am



"Poor Mr. Wentworth."

"that if you are lonely while on board ship

laugh. "I don't know about that," she said. "I am going t that Mecca of all Americans—Paris. My tather is to meet me there, and we are going on to the Riviers together."

"Ah, that will be very pleasant," said Wentworth. "The Riviera at this season is certainly a place to besiesired."

"Bo I have heard," she replied. "Have you not been across beforer"

"No, this is my first voyage. I suppose you have crossed many times?"

"Oh, no," answered the Englishman, "this is only my second royage; my first having been the one that took me to America."

you have crossed many times?"

"Oh, no," answered the Englishman, "this is only my second goyage; my first having been the ond that took me to America."

"Ah, then, you are not an American," returned Miss Brewster, with apparent surprise. Sheimagined that a man is generally flattered when a mistake of this kind is made. No matter how proud he may be of his country, it shows that there is certainly no provincialism about him that, as the Americans say, "gave him away."

"I think," said Wentworth, "as a general thing, I am not taken for anything but what I am—an Englishman."

"I have met so few Englishmen," said the guileless Miss Jennie, "that really I should not be expected to know."

"I understand it is a common defusion among Americans that every Englishman drops his 'h's,' and is to be detected in that way."

Jennie laughed again, and George Wentworth thought it one of the prettiest laughs he had ever heard.

Poor Kenyon was rather neglected by his friend during the dinner. He felt a little gloonly while the courses went on, and wished he had an evening paper. Meanwhite, Wentworth and the handsome girl beside him got on very well tegether. At the end of the dinner she seemed to have some difficulty ingetting up from her chair, and Wentve rth showed her how to turn it around, leaving her free to rise. She thanked him prettily.

"I am going on deck," she said, as she turned to go: "I am so anxious to get my first glimpse of the ocean at night from the deck of a steamer."

"I hope you will let me accompany you." returned young Weatworth. "The decks are rather slippery, and even when the boat is not rolling it isn't quite saie for a lady unused to the motion of a ship to walk alone in the dark."

"Oh, thank you very much," replied Miss Brewster, with effusion. "It is kind of you. I am sor and if you require not and if you are not if you require not."

walk alone in the dark."

"Oh, thank you very much," replied Miss Brewster, with effusion. "It is kind of you, I am sure, and if you promise not to let the rob you of the pleasar- of your after-dinner cigar. I shall be most happy to have you accompany me. I will meet you at the top of the stairw-, in five minutes."

"You are getting on," said Kenyon, as the young woman disappeared.

"What's the use of being on beard ship," said Wentworth, "if you don't take advantage of the opportunity for making ship-beard acquaintances. There is an inconventionality about life on a steamer that is not without its charm, as, perhaps, you

is not without its charm, as, perhaps, you will find out before the voyage is over,

"You are merely trying to ease your conscience because of your heartless desertion of me George Wentworth had waited at the top of the companionway a little more than five minutes when Miss Brewster appeared, wrapped in an arangement tipped with for, which leut an additional charm to ber com-plexion, set off as it were by a jaunty steam er cap. They stepped out on the deck, and found it not at all as derk as they had expectfoundit not at alias dark as they had expected. Little globes of electric light were
placed at regular intervals in the walls of
the deck building. Overhead was stretched
a sort of canvas robf, bgainst which the
sleety rain pattered? One of the sailors
with a rubber mop was pushing into the
gatter by the side of the ship the moisture.

gutter by the side of the ship the housture from the deck. All around the boat the night was as black as ink, except here and there where the white cull of a wave showed luminous for a moment in the darkness. Miss Brewster instead that Wentworth should light his cigar, which, after some per-suasion, he did. Then he tucked her hand sangely under his arm, and she adjusted her should light his cigar, which, after some persuasion, he did. Tool he tucked her hand
smight under his arm, and she adjusted her
step to suit his. They had the promenade
all to themselves. The gainy winter night
was not as inviting to miss to the passengers
as the comfortable rooms below. Kenyon,
however, and one of the passengers
as the comfortable rooms below. Kenyon,
however, and one of the passengers
as the comfortable rooms below. Kenyon,
however, and one of the chairs that were
tied to the brisis roll-which ran a long the
decknonse wall. He saw the glow of Wentworth's cigar as the couple turned at the
further end of the walk, and as the two
passed him he heart a low mirmar of conversation, and now and then caught a
smatch of silvery laughter.

It was not because Wentworth had de
serted him that Kenyon fett so uncomfortable and depressed. He couldn't tell
just what it was, but there had settled
on his mind a strange, uncasy forelooding.
After a time he went down into the raloen and tried to read, but could not, and
so wandered along the seemingly endless
marrow passage to his room, which was
Wentworth's as well, and, in nautical
phrase, "turned in," It was late when
his companion came in.

"Asteep, Kenyon?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"By George! John, she is one of the most

was the answer. "By George! John, she is one of the most charming girls I ever met. Wonderfully clever, too; makes a man feel like a fool besideher. She has readnearly everything. Has opinions on all our authors, a great many of whom I've never heard of. I wish, for your sake, John, that she had a sister on board."

"Thanks, old man; awfully good of you.
I'm sure," said Kenyon. "Don't you.
I'm sure," said Kenyon. "Don't you.
Ithink it's about time to stop raving and get
into your bunk and turn out that confounded light?"
"All stars." "All right, growler, I will," was the

Meanwhite, in her own statement Miss Jennic Brewster was looking at her re-flection in the glass. As she shook out her long hair until it rippled down her back, she smited sweetly and said to herself: "Poor Mr. Wentworth! Only the first night out, and he told me his name was George." (To Be Continued.)

A Genuine Reformer.

"Do I ride a bicycle?" said the heavy man, as a look of disgust came over his face. "Well, I should say not. I can get bumps enough from the fellows who ride them without trying it myself."
"Do you see this arm?" he added, rolling up his coat sleeve and disclosing a

badly scraped forearm. "That's the result of my last encounter with a bicycle.
"Run into? Of course. I was crossing the street and a fellow came whizzing up behind me at the rate of about twenty

miles an hour. No time to dodge. He was looking over his shoulder at some girls, I guess. Anyhow, we collided. I went fown on that arm, as you see. I rolled over three times and got on my feet and ed around to swear at the other out I didn't even have that satisfaction.

"Why not?"
"He hadn't come down yet. Must have thrown him twenty feet up into the air, I should say, and when he did come down he struck on his head. That was thirty-six hours ago. He hasn't come to yet." "Poor fellow! He was seriously hurt,

"Doubtful if he recovers, but I sent him

"Boubtful if he recovers, but I sent him
the best doctor and the best professional
nurse I could find, and I'll spend \$500 to
bring him around all right."
"That's generous of you. The accident
could not be blamed to you."
"Generous nothing. He won't think it's
generous when he gets on his feet again.
He'll wish we'd let him die.
"Because, sir, just as soon as he recovers, I'm going round and kick him till
he'll never be able to think of a bicycle
again without feeling sharp pains sheoting up his back."—Buffalo Express.

The Bright Side. Nanny has a hopeful way—
Bright and busy Nanny,
When I cracked the cup to-day,
She said in her hopeful way;
"It's only cracked—don't fret, I pray,"
Bunny, cheery Nanny!

Namny has a hopeful way,
Bo good and sweet and canny,
When I broke the cup to-day,
Bhe said in her hopeful way:
"Well, 'twas cracked. I'm glad to say,"
Kindly, merry Namny!

Nanny has a hopeful way— Quite right, little Nanny, Cups will crack and break alway; Fretting doesn't nend nor pay. Do the best you can, I say. Busy, loving Nanny.

The Remarkable Cures of Dr. Walker During the Past Year.

The Wonder and Admiration of the People and the Profession.

You May See the Doctor Free of Charge.

Read the Following Testimonials:

Mr. S. M. Russell, a clerk in one of the largest shoe stores in the city, and who resides at 1808 G street northwest, gives what we believe to be an almost unequaled



"I have been," said Mr. Russell to the writer, "afflicted with constitution, dys-popsia, and nervous debility for several years, trembling on the slightest excitement and suffering great mental and phy sical agony. What I ate distressed in steal agony. What I are distressed me; in fact, it just laid in my stomach and rotted. My bowels never moved without artificial aid and this you can imagine was very annoying. After consulting sev-eral physicians without receiving any bene'it I was induced to go to Dr. Walker by a friend whom I knew he cured. Now, after three weeks' treatment my stomach and bowels have entirely regained their former strength, and the nervousness and trembling which almost incapacitated me from my work, has completely reased." work, has completely ceas

A POLICEMAN'S STRUGGLE. Mr. E. Cieveland, a policeman, with head-

Mc. E. Cleveland, a policeman, with head-quarters at police station No. 2, says.

"For years I have suffered terribly with catarth of the nose, throat and stomach. There were periods of extreme depression, accompanied by cough, vomiting, vertigo-and melancholia. In fact, there have been times when I felt that life was a great, hig bhander. Now after having been under Dr. Walker's care for only a short time I feel relieved, refreshed, and go about my duty relieved, refreshed, and go about my duty with pleasure. I can most heartily recom mend Dr. Walkers treatment, for he has accomplished forms in a short time what others failed to do in years. I will, with pleasure-verify these statements to any and all who call on me at police station No. 2."

Mr. John Ball, of 627 L erreet northeast, a streightforward gentleman, a shiteroofer by trade, in an interview a few days ago, said: "I have suffered for fifteen years with a terrible alcer on my left arm, extendwith a terrine dicer on my left arm, extending from above the elbow almost to the wrist. My blood was impure, and I tried many doctors. And all the patent remedies that I ever heard of. The bone at the elbow joint was almost protroding, and there was mminent danger of my losing the use of my arm entirely. In this condition I went to Dr. Walker two weeks ago. Now after two weeks' treatmentmy arm is almost well, my blood is in good condition, and my health is perfect. Bur for Dr. Walker I might have been a helplets cripple or have lost my life.
A CASE OF CATARRH.

Catarrhis the most common of all chronic diseases, and whereas in its incipiency it annot be called a dangerous disease if allowed to run on and become chronic it not only makes miscratle the life of the sufferer, but may lead to serious lung trouble. The account that Mr. J. M. Newell, who esides at 728 Twenty-first street porth-west, gives of his case is like thousands of others still suffering in Washington to-day. "I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head and throat for five years," said Mr. Newell, "and when I first went to Dr. Walker I was as near to being a complete wreck as a man cyclid well be and still be alive. I had pains in the head, dizziness, county, but taste in the mouth mornings, periods of vomiting, and was very much emaciated and run down, and now after six

weeks' treatment, I feel that I am entirely well. I have gained fourteen pounds in weight and feel that I owe Dr. Walker my These are but a few of that long list of afflicted persons who have consulted Dr. Walker, and been cured. If he can cure all these, he can cure you.

Young or middle aged men suffering from the effects of their own follies, vices or excesses, or men contemplating marriage who are conscious of any impediment or disqualification, or those who feel their youthful vigor and power declining, should consult Dr. Walker, who has been the means

of restoring hundreds of such unfortunates to health, sfrength and happiness. His well-known sanitarium, at 1411 Penn-sylvania avenue, ad joining Willard's Hotelis endaily for consultation and treatment. Of fice hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays

You Cannot Eat

VIENNA or FRANKFURTER sausage. Have it served sizzling hot, just off the fire—and the very fragrance will give you an appe-

your breakfast? You have no appetite? You should try a dish of our delicious

Every grocer keeps it. N. AUTH. Factory, 684-630 Va. ava. sw. Wholesale House, 685-629 D st. sw. Stands, 57, 38, 39 Center Market (Seventh St. wing).
894-811 Northern Liberty Market 61 O st. Market.

READ THE SILVER KNIGHT. Edited by Senator WILLIAM M. STEWART, of Nevada. For sale at all news stands. Price, 5 cents ubscription, \$1.00 per year. Published 1420 New York Avenue. FOR RENT-ROOMS

TWO front rooms; unfur; suitable for light housekeeping; heat, light, and bath; private family 1204 12th st. sw. FOR RENT-Fur. rooms for gentle-men; \$8 to \$10 per month; gas, bath, and heat 1014 16th st. nw. LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING Two rooms: 2d theor; fur complete front cor, room 20x22, back 14 ft. sq. cooking utensils, dishes, gas, bath, hear; refrigerator, and sewing machine. 301 10th st. aw., near Smithsonian.

1014 11th st. nw., bright rooms with good board; moderate rates. 1t FOR SALE-LOTS. FOR SALE-Turee beautiful building lots, very cheap, or will exchange. Address OWNER, 1300 V st. nw. 1t

HELP WANTED-FEMALE. EVERY lady her own dressmaker by learning the self-fitting failor system; lessons, 25 cents an hour, a perfect fit; pattern cut to measure; stylish suites made from \$5 up; skirts made to order. 735 11th st. nw. oc6-3t 735 11th st. nw. oc6.3t

WANTED Prepossessing young lady
withsomedramatic lalent and knowledge
of elecution, for Atlanta Exposition. All
expenses and good pay to suitable applicant. Address JAMES, this office. 1t

HELP WANTED-MALE. WANTED-Strong, active boy in a large bleycle establishment; must be able to ride. Address Q., this office 1t WANTED-Intelligent man with \$300 capital as partier; big profits; no experience required. Address L. M., this office.

FOR SALE-HOUSES FOR SALE-6-room frame house; cor. 12th and L sts. se; water and sewer. \$1,150; \$250 cash, \$850 can remain. House rents at \$9. JOHN F. DONGHUE, 308 East Capitol street oc 6-3t

TOPHEAVY NAMES. Odd Patronymics Recalled by One of

> (San Francisco Call.) "I admit that I have rather a hard name to spell or pronounce, and that is why I encourage my friends in their proclivity to call me Zig," said C. O. Ziegenfuss. to call me Zig," said C. O. Ziegenfuss.
> "But while I make this confession as to my
> own outlandies patronymic, I want it understood that mine is not the worst name
> in the world. Once, while I was doing
> newspaper work in Denver, our editor advertised for a new office boy. A bright
> appearing young fellow, with a mild look
> in his eye, answered the call and said he
> was ready to go to work.
>
> "All right," said the city editor, 'let me
> ask your name. The lad hesitated a moment and eventually fished out a carl
> which bore the name 'Hermann V. Morgenausgelagen."

the Victims.

which bore the name 'Hermann V. Morgenausgelagen.'

"Very well. Mr. Morgenausgelagen,'
said the editor. 'Take that desk and answer any calls that may be made. But
first let me introduce you to the members of
the staff. My name is Dickensheets. This
fair-haired gentleman here is Mr. Felewisch. The brunette on your right is Mr.
Eckingreen, and the gentleman with the
sylph-like form is Mr. Ziegenfuss.'

"These were all genuine names, but the
new office boy would not believe it. He
was on his dignity in a moment and said:
'I will have you to understand, sir, that I
came here to work, and not to be jorhed. I
do not propose to stay in a place where I
am insulted. Good-day, sir.'

"Clapping his hat on his head, he left. We
tried to call him back, but it was no use."

This story led to others in regard to
strange names. "I used to know a man-in
Missouri named Anxie Anchico Benzail
Maria Penith Hildeeth Dickinson Tompkins," said flob Davis. "I have heard Dan

Maria Pennis Historica Dicknool Found-kins," said Rob Davis. "I have heard Dan de Quille tell of a colored boy in Washing-ton City, who bore the cognomenic burden of Thomas Didynas Christopher Holmes Henry Cadwalader Peter Jones Henry Clay

Playing Card Figures There are but few persons, even among he historians, antiquarians, and students in general who have the least idea of the significance of the figures on playing cards. In very early times the four suits represented the four principal trades fol-lowed by the people and the figures on the ards were supposed to be symbolic of the same. The heart was the symbol of the cholrmen or ecclesiastics, and in all early packs, besides the figure of the heart, each card also bore a rude picture of a nk's cowl or of his cleak and crooked

staff. Some authorities say that the cut of the early monkish cloak was in the form of a heart, and that the figure used to-day is but a representation or picture of that portion of the old prelate's wearing apparel. The "spade" is rally a pike, or spearhead, and was originally the tradeof that very important branch of ancient 'industry." The artisans in general are represented either by a mason's arch or by a diamond-shaped roofing tile. The for-mer, being somewhat unhandy to figure, gradually gave way to the tile, which is still used and called a "diamond" because of its shape. The farmers, or great class of agricultural laborers, were given their symbol, which was originally a wheat head or sheaf of wheat bound up with a com-

mon straw band. As clover gradually became the chief forage grass of the agriculturists they adopted a single leaf of that plant as their card symbol. A figure of this useful species of trefoil is still used and is called

'ctub." but why no one knows. The four kings were originally David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne, representing the four greatest monarchies.

Authorities differ as to the queens, but the preponderance of the evidence is in favor of the opinion that they are Argine, Judith, Esther, and Pallas. The knaves or "jacks" are supposed to be rude caricatures of ancient assassins or general all around villains, whose names have been lost in the many centuries that cards have been used in games of chance and amuse

Very Good Reason for It.
"You know what a long-winded speaker
fr. Wyndham is?"
"I guess I do."

"He says he never delivered but one speech where some people did not get up and go out."
"Where was that?" "In the Joliet penitentiary."-Chicago

An Effective Dampener.
The speaker had been interrupted so frequently that he became angry.
"If these interruptions do not cease," he cried, "I shall go back to the beginning of my remarks and make this address over again."

my remarks and make this address over again."

And the audience cowered back into complete silence. The threatened punish-ment was too great.—Harper's Bazar.

Kentucky Sympathy. "How is this, colonel, about your people electing a temperance candidate down your way?"
"Well, sah," said the colonel, "I'll fell

you. We did it out of pity. We thought that a man who had never taken a drink in his life ought to have something to make-life seem a little less dreary to him, sah."— Cincinnati Enquirer. On the Deep. Stewardess—How do you feel, Bridget? Bridget—I fale all roight whin layin' on me back, but whin I get on me fate sure it's sick a-bed I am.—Puck.

\$100 REWARD For any case of Chills or Malaria

Bailey's Chill Pills

will not cure. For sale at MERTZ'S MODERN PHARMACY. 11th and F streets, And Druggists generally.

AMUSEMENTS.

BASEBALL! NATIONAL BASEBALL PARK Thursday, October 10,

WASHINGTON POST WASHINGTON TIMES. FOR THE BENEFIT OF W. W. NOLLE Admission, 35c. Game called 3:30.

VIRGINIA Jockey Club, ST. ASAPH, VA.

Racing Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays until further notice.

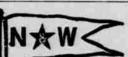
Ceneral Admission, 50 Cents SIX RACES each day. First race 2:15 a m. Special trains direct to grand stand from Sixth street station at 1:20 and 1:5 p. m.; other trains 1:20 and 1:50.

HENRY SCHULTZE

Overlook Inn Is Perfect Now!

MUSIC Every Evening. Coaches connect at 4, 5, 530, 6, 630, 7, 730, 8, 830, 9, 10, 11, 12 p. m. with Met. Car Line at 8th ant E. Cap. Stg., and with Cable Cars at 8th and Pa. Ave. se. Fare, round trip, 25c. Coach leaves the Arlington at 6 p. m. stopping at Chamberlain's, Shoreham and the Raleigh, pensing Paige's, Riggs House, Randail and Willards, thesee by way of Pa. Ave. Fare, round trip, 50c.

EXCURSIONS.



Norfolk and Washing ton Steamboat Co.

Every day in the year for Fortress Mon roe, Norfolk, Perismouth, and all points South and Southwest by the powerful new iron palace steamers. "Newport News, "Norfolk" and "Washington," leaving daily on the following schedule

Southbound

Southbound.

Lv. Wash'ton 7:00 pm Lv. Portsuoc'h 5:50 pm Lv. Alex'd'ia 7:30 pm Lv. Norfolk . 6:10 pm Ar Pt Monr'e 6:30 am Lv. Ft Monroe 7:20 pm Ar Pt Monr'e 6:30 am Ar Aka'dria 6:00 am Ar Norfolk . 7:30 am Ar Aka'dria 6:00 am Ar Portsu'h 8:50 am Ar Wash'droe 6:30 am Ar Portsu'h 8:50 am Ar Wash'droe 6:30 am YisiTons TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION and the resorts at Fortress Monroe. Virginia Beach and Florida will find this a very attractive route, as it breaks the monotony of an all-rail ride. Tickets on sale at 6:13, 6:19, 1421 Pennsylvania avenue. B & O. ticket office, corner Fifteenth street and New York avenue, and on beard steamers, wisere time-table, map, etc., can also be had. be had.
JNO CALLAHAN, GEN MANAGER
THONE 750

WANTED-ROOMS WANTED-A room suitable for a doctor's office, near 7th or Pa, ave. nw. Cheen. Address Dr. M., this office.

FORSALE - A lemon and white pointer batch; thoroughly broken; satisfaction managed in the to bunt. Address POINTER, this office. oc6-3t

82.50 for lounges; cool stores, \$5.00; \$1.00 per week for bedroom and parlorsures, cash or credit. 719 7th st. nw., REDMONU'S. oc6-3t

PERSONAL.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE '3 DAYS CURE FOR MEN.
This remedy cures in 3 days or no
charge. Consultation free. DR. MCKEEHAN, 716 12th st. nw. oc6-7t FOR EXCHANGE.

NICE Scal Sacone, 42 inches length, 34 bust, will exchange for china closet, new or old SACQUE, this office. 15 HAILROADS. Pennsylvania

RAILROAD. STATION CORNER OF SIXTH AND I In Effect's Sout. 9, 1895.

10.30 A. M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMTIED.—Fullman Sleeping, Dinling, Smodlog, and Observation Cars Harrisburg to
Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, 8t.
Louis, Cieveland, and Toledo. Buffet
Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10.30 A. M. FAST LINE—Pullman
Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor
and Dinling Cars, Harisburg to Pittaburg.

burg.

840 P. M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS
EXPRESS Pallman Buffet Parlor
Car to Harrisburg. Steeping and Dining
Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnat.
Louisville, and Chicago. 7.10 P. M. WESTERN EXPRESS -Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago, and Harrisburg to Cleveland Dining Car to Chicago.

7.10 P. M. SOUTHWESTERN EX-PRESS.—Paliman Sleeping and Dining PRESS.—Paliman Sleeping and Dining Cars to St. Louis, and Sleeping Car, Harrisburg to Cuchnatt.

10.40 P. M.—PACIFIC EXPRESS— Pullman Sleeping car to Pitisburg.

7.50 A. M. for Kane, Canandaigus, Rochester, and Ningara Falls daily, ex-cept Sunday

10.30 A. M. for Elmira and Repove.

10.30 A. M. for Elmira and Rebovo, daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3.40 p.m.

7.10 P. M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Baffaio, and Niagara Falis daily, except Saturday, with sleeping car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo.

10.40 P. M. for Eric, Canandalgua, Rochester, Boffalo, and Niagara Falis daily, skeeping car Washington to Elmira. For Philadelphia, Now York and the East.

100 P. M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED" All Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore, for New York and the East.

100 P. M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED" All Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore, for New York daily, for Philadelphia week-days. Regular at 7.05 (Dining Car), 7.20, 9.00, 10.00 (Dining Car), and 11.30 p. m. on Sunday, 7.05 (Dining Car), 7.20, 9.00, 11.00 (Dining Car) a. m., 2.15, 3.15, 4.20, 6.40, 10.00, and 11.35 p. m. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express 7.50 a.m. week-days. Express 2.01 and 5.40 p. m. daily.

10.00, 10.30, 11.00 and 11.50 a.m., 12.15, 2.01, 3.15, 3.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 4.36, 5.40, 6.05, 6.40, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40, 11.15 and 11.35 p. m. On Sunday, 7.05, 7.29, 9.00, 9.05, 10.30, 11.00 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.01, 3.15, 3.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 5.40, 6.05, 6.40, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40 and 11.35 p. m. and 4.36 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Limited), 4, 20, 5, 40, 6, 05, 6, 40, 7, 10, 10, 00, 10, 40 and 11, 35 n.m.

For Pope's Creek Line, 7, 20 a.m. and 4, 36 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 7, 20, 9, 00 a.m., 12, 15 and 4, 20 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 7, 20, 9, 00 a.m., 12, 15 and 4, 20 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

Bundays, 9, 00 a.m. and 4, 20 p.m.

Atlantic Coast Line. Express for Richmond, Jacksooville and Tampa, 4, 20 a.m., 3, 30 p.m. daily, Richmond, and Atlanta, 8, 40 p.m. daily, Richmond, 3, 45, 50, 5, 5, 5, 7, 45, 8, 40, 9, 45, 10, 57, 11, 50 a.m.; 12, 50, 1, 40, 3, 20, 4, 25, 5, 5, 0, 5, 37, 6, 15, 8, 92, 10, 10, and 11, 39 p.m. dn Sunday at 4, 30, 7, 45, 9, 45, 8, 10, 57, 6, 15, 8, 10, 57, 6, 15, 6, 15, 8, 10, 5, 10, 5, 6, 15, 8, 10, 10, 28, a.m.; 1, 00, 2, 15, 3, 00, 3, 23, 5, 00, 5, 30, 6, 13, 7, 00, 7, 20, 9, 10, 10, 52, and 11, 08 p.m. dn Sunday at 6, 43, 9, 10, and 17, 52 p.m.

Tiket offices, northenat corner of Thirteenth street and Pennsylvanta arenua, and at the station, Sixth and B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from botels and sunday are to destination fr

Stoll's shoes